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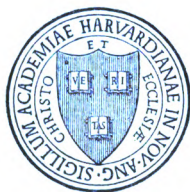
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Gulliver Joe

Jonathan Quick

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GULLIVER JOE





I FIND MYSELF TIED DOWN WITH PROMISES.

GULLIVER JOE

BY

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Dean of St. Rattrick's

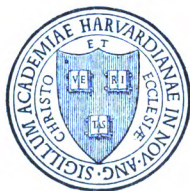


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BULLY JOE.

OF statesmen we only have one,
Bully Joe!

You are truly our only big gun:

And this Squib isn't meant

With malicious intent,

It is merely a bundle of fun;

Every pun

Just a satellite tacked to your sun.

For the bigger the gold of the mark,

Mighty Joe!

Yes, the bigger the gold of the mark,

So much less is the chance

That the arrow will glance

Far aside and get lost in the dark,

Like a clerk,

With Francesca in Battersea Park.

And the public are ceasing to see,
Jolly Joe!
They are certainly ceasing to see
Any cause for a laugh
In the quips and the chaff
That are heaped on that duffer C.-B.—
Little flea,
Hopping over the Lion at tea.

So we load with a pebble our sling,
Giant Joe!
A pebble we steal from the spring,
And with courage let fly
At Goliath's glass eye,
As the public all caper and sing
In a ring
At the footstool of Birmingham's King.

'Deary dear!' they will certainly say,
Idol Joe!
'Deary dear, is it possible, pray,
A squib so explosive,
And aimed at our Joseph,
Goodness gracious, what cheek!' they will say,
In dismay,—
And the book will in consequence pay.

Bagman Joe!
 Just a business-like matter of gain;
 For if Marie Corelli
 Makes mincemeat and jelly
 Of Nick and the Pope, it is plain
 There is gain
 With a butt greater far than this twain

Then, welcome from bucketing seas,
Sailor Joe!
From drumming and trumpeting seas:
From Boreas' alarms
To Britannia's plump arms,—
The old lady is half on her knees
As she sees
Your remarkable face thro' the breeze.

Come in from the bumpety seas,
British Joe!
Come in with the smile that can freeze;
That our Cities may sign you
Their Freedoms,* and dine you
On turtle-soup, duck, and green peas,
Without fees,
Thou Camberwell-born Hercules!

GOOD OLD JOE!

* At this point I would contradict the exaggerated Radical rumour that from every city in South Africa entered by Mr. Chamberlain he took away the Freedom.
—JONATHAN QUICK.



GULLIVER JOE.

CHAPTER I.

SHIPWRECK AND SILLILYPUT.

I ENTERED life early, having been brought up on the principle contained in those strenuous lines,—

‘Let them wriggle, or let them squirm,
The early bird secures the worm.’

I began on the worm of a screw, and passed rapidly to the Party of Radical Screws, where I was regarded with equanimity akin to impertinence. However, being venturesome, and ready to take anything that was going, I took ship soon after my arrival among the Radical Screws with one of the old skippers, and went a-voyaging in Home Waters. We called at the Parish Pump Straits on our way out, collided with Bung Head, touched but did not land at Threeacresandacow, ran down the good ship

GULLIVER JOE.

‘Church’ without hurting her, and, after having abandoned all thought of Khartoum, turned the vessel’s head sharp from Majuba Hill, and steered unnatural courses till the ship sprang a Welsh leak. Our skipper at this point told us that we were only two leagues from the Irish coast, one being the Land League and the other the United Irish League. So seeing that the ship was sinking, I very properly at this juncture followed the great Radical policy of scuttling. Frankly, I ratted, but not until the skipper rotted us ; and my conscience is clear on this point, as on all others. What I have ratted, I have ratted. I went to the other side of the ship, threw myself over—but wholly above-board—and after being tossed and buffeted by every wind of opinion for some certain days, I suddenly found myself drifting in the lone furrows of the sea to a strange and apparently desert land. The Radical ship instantly split, but the planks have since been found very useful for building two and a half platforms, a couple of tabernacles, and one wobbly fence.

It was a curious place that I was now drifting to—very low in the water, and completely overgrown by ancient family trees. Not

GULLIVER JOE.

counting a shallow cove or two on the beach, I could discern no living person upon its whole expanse, nor was there any evidence of its ever having served a useful purpose. I was regarding it with suspicion not unmixed with alarm—for a desert island is the last place in the world for which Nature has fitted my almost imperial self-esteem—when a great wave, which in those parts is called the Drifting Politician's Last Resource, caught me up of a sudden, and hurled me willy-nilly upon the lie-lowing land.

I was so stunned at finding myself high and dry, that coming to myself I did not at first realise my position. When I did it was to find that I was tied down by a number of fragile and ridiculous ribands called by the old-fashioned inhabitants of this place *Promises*. I was so completely and entirely bound by these same *Promises* that I was at first unable to move; and as I lay there, hatching schemes for my own aggrandisement, I became aware of certain tiny and indistinguishable sounds all about me, as though the grasses were stirred by a great company of infinitesimal parasites. Listening intently, I discovered at length the

GULLIVER JOE.

drift of the sounds—I'm a perfect Doppler for drifts—and soon discovered that it proceeded from the people of the island, and that they were actually discussing the best means of putting me away. Breaking by a single effort several of the old *Promises*, I balanced myself upon my side—I have a great deal of side—and surveyed the scene.

Imagine my surprise when I tell you that I was among a nation of midgets—a people so inferior and insignificant that I could have pocketed the lot and experienced no discomfort direct or indirect to my coat, which is of many colours. They were so tiny, so devoid of backbone, and at the same time so pushful, that at first I supposed them to be a swarm of quarrelsome ants. I was not far wrong, for they were chiefly insignificant uncles or inferior nephews. But there was among them one who seemed to have rather more intelligence than the rest, and to be at the same time a person in authority. His equator was less imaginary than that of any of the others; he had a bald, ponderous head, two lazy, tired eyes, and a grey beard which he seemed to keep solely for the pleasure of scratching. To him, I

GULLIVER JOE.

observed, nobody spoke who could not address him as Papa or Uncle, while the others stood about and whispered of him in an awed tone as 'Sarum - Scarum.' The people I discovered were known by the name of Sillypushians, while the land itself was termed Sillilyput.

Still relying on my side, I observed a thin and dreamy Sillypushian approach the man Sarum - Scarum, with tears in his eyes, imploring that I should be put to death.

'Why?' said Sarum-Scarum, who appeared so tired that his bored eye hardly ever fixed upon me.

'He's too big for us, Uncle; he'll stimie the lot of us.'

'Walker!' said the old gentleman.

'My dear Uncle!' protested the other.

'Hookey!' quoth Sarum - Scarum, and dreamily rubbed his silk hat the wrong way.

At this point, finding that a number of the little people were firing off old speech-loaders at me, which bespattered me with so many words that I could scarce hear myself think, I gave another wrench at the *Promises*,



UNCLE AND NEPHEW DISCUSS THE SITUATION.

GULLIVER JOE.

and sat bolt upright, determined to make them respect me.

The old gentleman, remarking my resource and agility, deliberately winked at me, and I nodded my head. He then rubbed his hands very slowly one over the other, signifying by that action the question: 'Have you washed your hands of the other lot?' I nodded again. After that he laid himself down at full length, rested his head upon his arm, closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and pretended to snore; indicating very clearly by this action the question: 'Are you willing to take things easy?' To this I nodded my head once more, and the old gentleman, getting laboriously upon his feet, brushed the rest of the Sillypushians aside with one of his boots, and gave me a more or less friendly nod.

At [this I found myself surrounded by his Nephews, Sons, and Things-in-Law, who swarmed over my body, smiled and nodded their heads at me, patted me on the arms, the hands, the legs, and the chest, as though they thoroughly approved of me, and, as a final token of good-will, they fetched from somewhere a very absurd emblem of a yellow

GULLIVER JOE.

flower—modest and unassuming in appearance, but marked with the letters ‘P. L.,’ which I found stood for ‘Please Look.’ This they pinned upon my coat. When this was done the whole nation of them took to shouting, ‘Joe! Joe! Joe!’ and dancing about me with the hugest worship and delight.

They meant by this clamour, I learned afterwards, to evince delight at having taken me in. I have frequently wunk at myself when thinking of this.

I must remark at this point that one could see from the mud-bank of Sillilyput the two and a half Radical Platforms to which I have already referred. Whether they stood upon *terra firma* or not I could never decide, but as from the mud bank they appeared to be in deep water, I always vowed that it was so, and all the Sillypushians agreed with me. Their theory, before my arrival, was that these platforms were fixed in a territory to which they invariably referred as The Country—speaking of it with the sublimest contempt, as though it had been a Colonial possession. They seemed to regard the inhabitants of The Country as enemies, but instead of seeking to defend them-

GULLIVER JOE.

selves or to make any preparations for attack, they treated the whole matter with indifference such as I have never seen equalled in the whole course of my travels. The funny thing was they seemed to regard my native town as part of The Country.

However, I remained on quiet and peaceable terms with the Sillypushians, and listened to all the nonsense they had to say with an affectation of interest and pleasure. I remembered the fable of the Lion and the Mouse.

CHAPTER II.

I BUCK UP THE SILLYPUSHIANS.

UPON this part of my career it is unnecessary to dwell at any length greater than a spoon suitable for supper with a Sulphurous Personage. I was merely engaged in studying my new quarters, and looking out for the first opportunity of securing the whole.

I found the Sillypushians almost childishly tenacious of old ideas, and utterly averse from strenuousness of any kind. They seemed content to sit about me all day, and listen to my tales of the country from which I had come. So long as they could laugh at the Radical Screws, and the manner of their living, they were delighted and hilarious ; but so soon as I suggested that they should do anything useful they became immediately gloomy and morose. However, when I had got myself fairly established in the affections of the little people (which I did by flinging mud over the flowing

GULLIVER JOE.

tide towards the Radical Platforms), I began to look about me for an opportunity of displaying those extraordinary qualities of mind which I have taken good care to inherit from my remote ancestry. I found that while the great majority of the Sillypushians were lazy and indolent, there was yet a minority among them who itched for action and change. This kind of itch, I may remark in passing, was known as the Primrose Rash. Therefore, attracting the sympathies of these few, and carefully whispering big and expansive ideas into their little ears, I formed around me a body of sympathetic opinion which was destined to change the whole face of the island. For the little people began to swell with pride when I instilled big ideas into their minds, and sometimes I could have died with internal laughter at the sight of the tiny coxcombs strutting about their shelving mud-bank as though they were great men.

In this manner, slowly, and by painful degrees, I got them into the hollow of my hand, and lifted them up to my own altitude. I persuaded them to think that they were mighty fine fellows, and encouraged them by



IN THE HOLLOW OF MY HAND.

GULLIVER JOE!

speech and by little private interviews to look upon me as a sort of god in their car. So well did I succeed that even old Sarum-Scarum came to think a change was necessary, and he sent a notice to his Sons, Cousins, Nephews, and Things-in-Law, who occupied the head places in the little community, to the effect that they should 'Buck-up!'

This was a phrase quite foreign to them, but I had mentioned it so often in my tales of the Radical Screws, and they had become so enamoured of its curious euphony, that at last it became very fashionable among them, and quite displaced their own popular phrase of 'Let 'em all come.' It was heard on all sides, and the queer little atoms trotted to and fro about the island shouting out on all and every occasion, 'Buck-up! Buck-up!'—till the whole place rang with it.

A curious and laborious task which I set myself was to teach them to spell the word 'Imperialism.' I began at the beginning, which, as usual, was 'I.' By slow degrees I brought them through the first three letters, but I had no sooner got as far as 'I—M—P,' than they began to dance and shout, as if the lesson was

GULLIVER JOE.

completed, with joyful cries of 'Grand Old Man,' 'Majuba,' 'Gordon,' and the like. I calmed them and proceeded, but two letters later they broke out again : 'I—M—P—E—R,' and once more, as if proud of their quickness to understand, they leaped about shouting, 'Imperator,' 'Kaiser-I-Hind,' 'Civis Romanus Sum,' and such curious phrases. It was not much easier after this, for when I had led them to 'I—M—P—E—R—I—A—L. —'

'Pints !' shouted one of them, who was generally known as 'Treble X.'

The enthusiasm at this point was so effervescent that I had trouble in getting it safely bottled up ; but by infinite pains I finally got them to spell the whole word 'Imperialism' with accuracy and celerity, and, in some of the brighter minds among them, I even succeeded in instilling some idea of what the word signified.

But they never did anything. Every one was content—so long as he was not too hoarse to shout 'Buck-up !'—with the ruling conditions, and I quite despaired of ever getting them to see the utility of business principles, when an event occurred which rapidly changed this state of affairs and my own future.

CHAPTER III.

SCREWGER.

You must know that the Sillypushians had been very much bothered about a few little islands belonging to them which were situated at some distance from their own mainland. The inhabitants of these places were continually asking to be allowed to live, and the Sillypushians were eternally replying that they would think about it when they had concluded the arrangements for their own decease. At last, harassed and perplexed, and boered to death by these pestering colonists, Sarum-Scarum climbed up to my ear one day, and asked me to look after them for him. 'Keep 'em quiet,' he said, wearily; 'you know!' and winked at me in the same ponderous fashion as before. He could not be bothered, he said, to maintain friendly relations with foreign nations. He had quite enough to do maintaining relations at home. So I took the colonies in hand.

GULLIVER JOE.

Adopting my old tactics, I sent messages to these far-off folk, and made speeches about them, all to the effect that they were very fine fellows, giants in power and capability, and certain one day to rule and govern the entire universe. I professed myself so deeply interested in their manner of living that I could think of nothing else, and I sent word to them that so long as I lived they should never have cause to hang their heads or their viceroys. 'I am here,' I said; 'trust in me; all will be well.' Further, I sent them several little sums of money out of a fund which Sarum-Scarum was saving up for Parsons, Publicans, and Landlords, and I hinted in my own delicate fashion that *there was more where that came from.*

In this manner, the intelligent reader will perceive, I was encouraging the colonists to look up, not so much to the mainland, as to me. The mainland was not so much in my thoughts as the main chance; and, as subsequent events proved, it was by encouraging the colonists to respect and venerate *me* that I was enabled to perform the prodigious feat which has now

GULLIVER JOE.

provided me with eternal fame and a post (office) for my son.

I must tell you that among these colonists were a few Outlanders, who were continually landing-out at a foreign potentête (which is Sillypushian for 'swelled head') named Screwger. Under this person's sway—I don't mind saying it was a beast of a sway—they lived, grumbled, and made their fortunes, but, owing to his impertinent belief that he had the right to make rules in his own house (they were not *nice* rules), the Outlanders were always at a white heat of indignation. Directly I understood that his name was Screwger, I determined to worm fame and fortune out of him.

'Screwger,' said I, 'must be hammered!'—and it was so.

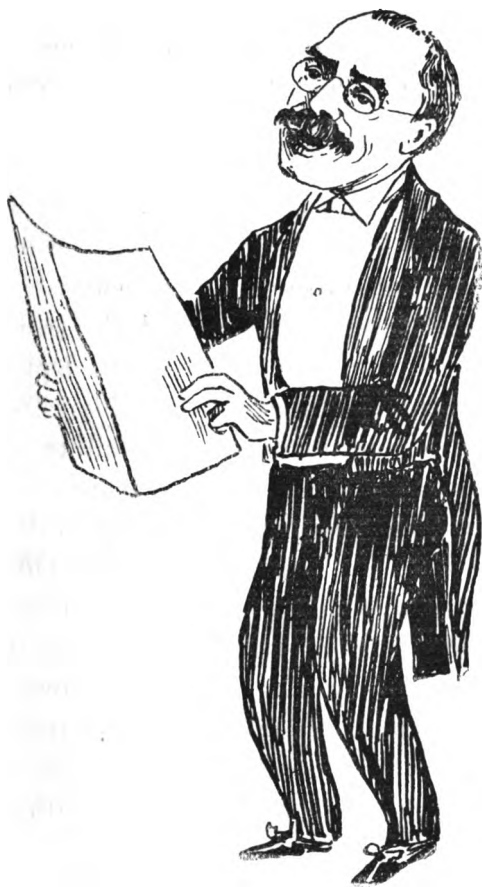
I saw my opportunity for magnifying myself still further in the eyes of the Sillypushians by sending out an army of them both to right the wrongs of the Outlanders and to wrong the rights of Screwger. I gathered them together, told them that I was going to give them a chance of distinguishing themselves, and so encouraged them to think that they could really do something useful, that even old Sarum-

GULLIVER JOE.

Scarum bought a tin trumpet and learned to blow a tune on it, which he called—

‘The British Constitution
Is a glorious institution,
But it ain’t no good for War!’

The excitement of the little people was intense. They began to stick feathers in their hats, to wave tiny flags, to get violently drunk in the streets, and to shout that Sillypushians never, never, never, never should be slaves to anything except Drink. Moreover, as their Army was in so deplorable a condition that the soldiers could not support their wives and families, a Sillypushian philosopher, yclept Backyard Rippling, composed a lengthy treatise on War which threw the whole nation into the wildest state of enthusiasm conceivable. This treatise described the departure for the scene of action of 50,000 horse and foot—very hoarse—made up of gardeners, baronets, grooms, dwellers in mews, palaces, and paper-shops, and the sons of dukes, cooks, belted earls, millionaires, Lambeth publicans, and a hundred kings. It concluded with a passionate eulogy of the tambourine as a weapon of modern warfare (borrowed from a famous warrior, General Booth,



THE SILLYPUSHIAN PHILOSOPHER.

GULLIVER JOE.

of the Salvation Army), and suggested the supreme necessity for the soldier (as enumerated above) to leave a lot of little things behind him and forget all about them.

Fired by this patriotic and erudite treatise, a Sillypushian of the name of Sansdown, who was supposed to have the Army in his waistcoat pocket, set about procuring the material described in the treatise. He spread the treatise before him as Napoleon is so often depicted spreading a map, and summoned all his gifts as a linguist to its interpretation. On this treatise he based his operations, and the War was 'run' entirely on these lines so long as Sansdown directed the thud and blunder of the War Office. But it must be said here (though the history of other individuals ought hardly to be permitted to interfere with my own) that Sansdown in after years attributed his failure in the business to his utter inability to discover 'the son of a hundred kings' specified in the aforementioned treatise.

I would have managed the whole business myself, but I had bestirred the Sillypushians to such purpose that every one of them, even a little fellow named Brodderick Random, believed



SILLYPUSHIAN WARRIORS.

‘Cook’s son, duke’s son, son of a millionaire’—&c.

GULLIVER JOE.

that they could do something. So emphatic was Brodderick Random that he could go anywhere and do anything stupid, that Sarum-Scarum brushed Sansdown aside with one of his boots in the middle of the fight, and told



PREPARING FOR WAR, AS DONE AT THE WAR OFFICE.

Brodderick Random to go and buck up the Army.

I could have died with laughter watching Sansdown and Brodderick Random disentangling themselves from a coil of pink twine, which the Sillypushians always keep in their

GULLIVER JOE.

Government Offices. This twine is used for tying up the country whenever it shows any signs of breaking away from its old hankering, and there is so vast a quantity of it that it is like some day to sink the whole island under water. Into this coil of twine did the two Sillypushians entangle themselves, while every day brought great tidings of the skill and ingenuity of Screwger and the accidents and troubles of the cooks, dukes, grooms, paper-hangers, and publicans, who had left so many things behind them in Sillilyput.

It appears that though Backyard Rippling had particularly specified 'horse' and foot, Sandsdown had so far followed his own judgment as to prefer his cavalry unmounted, and to this his own scheme for the prosecution of the war had refused to add a rider. This was the cause of all the 'regrettable incidents;' for the people of Screwger, it seemed, were very good riders, and when the Sillypushian Army tried to walk round them they merely fired a volley and rode away. These tactics appeared to the Sillypushians not merely absurd, but contrary to all known rules of warfare, and the people lived for several months in a state of panic, and 'I

GULLIVER JOE.

found myself frequently glowered upon by Sarum-Scarum and some of the less intelligent of the populace. Fearing, therefore, that I might lose my popularity, I picked little Brod-

derick Random and Sansdown from their coil of red tape, and whispered the monosyllable—‘Horse.’

Brodderick Random smiled, nodded his head, curled his moustaches, set his tie straight, and took what is called a flat at the top of a distant building in a place called Victoria Street. Into this flat he put another, and told him to remount the Army

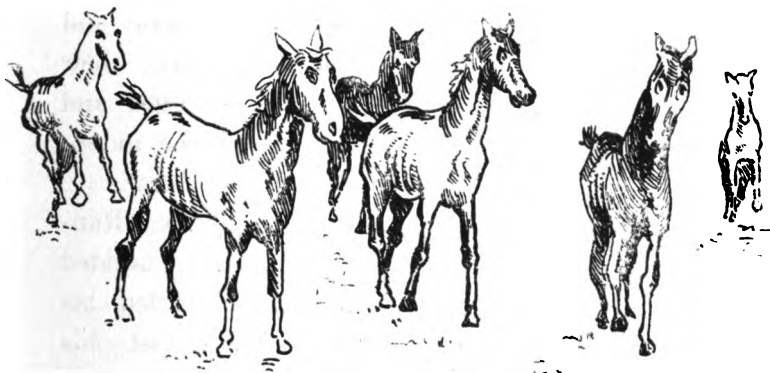


I SAVE THE SITUATION.

at a cost that would provide all the dealers, agents, and vendors with a comfortable fortune for the rest of their days. This done he bought himself a uniform, and arranged to pay a military visit to a neighbouring Empire at the

GULLIVER JOE.

conclusion of the War. But when I saw some of the horses he had bought, I was like to have died, for no sooner had I cast eye upon them



BRODDERICK-NAGIANS.

than I recognised in each one the controlling and fatal symbol of my chequered career.

They were all Screws.

To show how keen was the Sillypushian desire to put an end to this unfortunate entanglement, I may mention here that the official poet of the people was roused in the garden that he loves to throw himself into a perfect anthology of warfare. One of his last blasts, called the 'Solution,' I quote from memory :—

GULLIVER JOE.

I'm not, by trade, a man of war ;
I've been constrained to live, till now,
In calm retirement, thankful for
A cot, three acres, and a cow,
Contented if I saw my rhymes
Displayed in corners of *The Times*.
I've warbled, blithely as a bird,
A song in 'England's Darling's' praise ;
I've sung of voices that I heard ;
And carolled sundry other lays
Replete with many a lofty touch ;
And people haven't troubled much.
But lately it has dawned on me
That England is in parlous state,
And not a few have come to see
The need for some one really great ;
I therefore left my country life,
And set about to end the strife.
'Twas mine to wake the echoing poles,
The cup of fame was mine to quaff :
I roused the half-a-million souls
Who read the *Daily Telegraph*—
Gave them to taste of wars alarms,
With frantic cries 'To arms, to arms !'
From Cambrian hearths and Irish woods,
From English hamlets, Scottish byres,
And other teeming neighbourhoods
That waken shrill, poetic lyres,
I called the sons of England's fame :
The sons of England heard, and came.

GULLIVER JOE.

I wrote, to cheer them, sonnets which
No man on earth could understand,
And 'Spartan Mothers' to enrich
Their longing for a foreign land;
And then I rested on my oars
For tidings of the vanquished Boers.

No tidings come. It now remains
To take upon myself the brunt,
To pack my most seductive strains,
Proceed in person to the front
And teach the stubborn rebel hordes
That pens are mightier than swords.

My plan is simple: I alone
Will march where any foes are spied
And chant them, through a megaphone,
That little thing called 'Jameson's Ride;'
And that, without the slightest doubt
Will put them utterly to rout.

To this state had the country come owing
to the fussy inertia and the red twine of the
Sillypushian Government Offices. Every day
brought fresh tidings of distress, and though
one of the Generals persistently sent home word
that the men were splendid, the Sillypushians
could not persuade themselves to go into
hysterics of delight. And yet, as the poet sang :

Disasters never mended,
And the Great War never ended,
But the Men!—The men are splendid!

GULLIVER JOE.

It was held in some quarters—which were not, however, head-quarters—that if the men could be permitted to report upon their Generals, some light might possibly be shed upon the darkness of the situation. However, this was considered too violent a reform, and the Silly-pushians found solution in another fashion.



Backyard Rippling reminded the Government of his emphatic and reiterated injunction that they should 'drop a *shilling* in his little tambourine,' and the Government awakening to the profundity of the suggestion, instantly offered their Bobs as a contribution. From that moment the people determined to think that the war was over, and nothing could ever get this ridiculous idea out of their heads.



**THE PREMIER'S MITE—DROPPING A 'BOBS' IN THE
LITTLE TAMBOURINE.**

CHAPTER IV.

I AM SLIGHTED AND DETERMINE TO TRAVEL.

BUT not to bore the reader with events in which I can only with supremest difficulty find opportunity for mentioning myself, I will declare at once that, after dragging on for several years, and after the dispatch and recall of a very army of generals commanding, as well as some of the most pious, humane, and select ladies out of Smart Society, the sort of a war was brought to a sort of a termination, and I was pleased to decorate my sort of a hat with a sort of a feather.

It may be interesting to mention here that Backyard Rippling attributed the termination of the war to the final sending out of a Kitchener to the troops, a necessity, he declared, which he had clearly indicated in his reference to the cook's son. Howbeit, the claim was generally disallowed, and Backyard Rippling became so mortified that he devoted the remainder of his

GULLIVER JOE.

days to poking fun at the sports and pastimes of the Sillypushians, diversified by *chi-iking* an Emperor of a neighbouring friendly power, whose sole ambition, as I understand it, is to live up to the ends of his moustache.

The people recognised with the conclusion of hostilities (because I told them so) that I had really done the whole thing myself, and they set about prostrating themselves at my feet to so great a degree that I found myself more



LOOKING UP!

than ever looking down upon them from morning till night. The only one of them who could not be persuaded to humble himself in this becoming and fitting fashion was the old bear Sarum - Scarum, and in the midst of my triumph he retired, fagged out by my enterprise, nominating a Nephew, who looked as if he ought to lisp but didn't,

GULLIVER JOE.

as Dilettante - in - Chief of the Sillypushian Government.

I was not a little mortified to find that I had been passed over by these little people, and cast about for some new antic in which to secure the adulation and flattery of the fickle Sillypushians. In the meantime I rejoiced to see that the Nephew was giving general dissatisfaction; for I had so breathed the spirit of 'buck-up' into his mind, that no sooner had Sarum - Scarum retired, than he set about changing the national education (which affected the national church), the national freedom of getting drunk, and the national fashion of regarding a standing difficulty in the country of Ireland. All these questions he tackled with furious zeal, and soon had the entire country about his ears with threatenings of revolutions and withholding of the rates and taxes. To add to all his troubles he concluded an alliance with a foreign country which set his friends howling with rage, and very near got the entire nation wiped out by a relative nation known as the Spankypushians, or 'Spankies' for short.

The full impertinence of this alliance can

GULLIVER JOE.

only be appreciated by the consideration that I had purposely insulted the Chief Minister of the newly-allied but a few weeks before. He was Bülow my notice, but I noticed him out of pure strenuosity.

In these circumstances, things not going quite so well as was expected in the conquered territories of Screwger, I announced my intention of actually setting out myself to put things right, and by this startling announcement once again threw the whole nation into a perfect frenzy of delight. By this subtle proceeding, I not only drew the national adulation entirely to myself, but I succeeded in leaving the ought-to-lisp Nephew to get himself deeper and deeper in the sand bunkers.

I look back upon that decision of mine as one of the most splendid and dramatic ideas chronicled in the annals of Universal History. (Papers in the Midlands please copy.)

CHAPTER V.

A HEARTY SEND-OFF.

NOTHING could exceed the enthusiasm of the Sillypushians when they learned that I was going away. They thought and talked and wrote of nothing else from the first moment of the announcement. The lisping Nephew, in particular, overwhelmed me with congratulations, and begged me to stay away at full salary as long as ever I liked, and put at my service the very fastest ship in the Sillypushian Fleet.

People got up dinners for me ; anonymous correspondents, evidently with a huge and almost heathen hatred of Mr. Screwger, told me to 'go to the Devil' as quick as possible ; and every Sillypushian newspaper wrote about my virtues in a strain which they could not have excelled had I given them the solar system as an annexe to the Sillypushian Empire. In brief I found myself a greater man than ever before, and sitting on the Sillypushian Houses



I SIT ON PARLIAMENT

GULLIVER JOE.

of Parliament, I surveyed the entire country with feelings of icy and benignant good-will.

In my calmer moments I could not but reflect upon the curious excitability of these little people, for, thought I, if they make such a hullabaloo as this present over a man who has done nothing but get them into a long and expensive fight, in what manner would they show their pride and pleasure if a really genuine hero appeared among them? But after all, I perceived that I was judging them from my own exalted point of view; and, considering how enormous I must appear in their little eyes, I determined to regard myself from their standpoint, and to let modesty go by the board of works.

And how great must I have seemed to those tiny mortals. Imagine the little pigmy Geraldine-and-sleep Balfour looking up from the hole into which he was for ever getting, and beholding me bestriding the earth like a Colossus. And you really never saw such funny little creatures as these Sillypushians. It was not so much because of their extreme littleness that I found amusement in surveying them, but rather because, being small, they considered them-

GULLIVER JOE.

selves, and acted as, grown men. One of them known as Windy George used to write books about rooks and a certain dead poet, and in his odd moments would paint out the 'Ire' from Ireland, and write up instead of it 'Mild'—and afterwards crow like one of his own rooks. There was also a little fussy fellow among them, by name India Rubber Shamilton, who devoted all the time he could spare from bouncing before his own mirror, to contradicting himself indignantly in the presence of his fellows. Then there was my little friend Brodderick Random, who never would sit upon anything save a halfpenny newspaper, and who employed his time in making paper soldiers, and quarrelling with another queer little fellow who was called variously Bobs and Jobs. I must not omit to mention one of these funny midgets whose name, if I remember rightly, was Cholericks-Beech; his mania was for fancying himself a man of vigour, rigour, and figour, whereas he was no bigger than the others, merely pigger-headed. He played with a money-box, quarrelled furiously with the lisping Nephew, and finally had his money-box stolen from him by the most stupid of



THEY TAKE MY MEASURE.

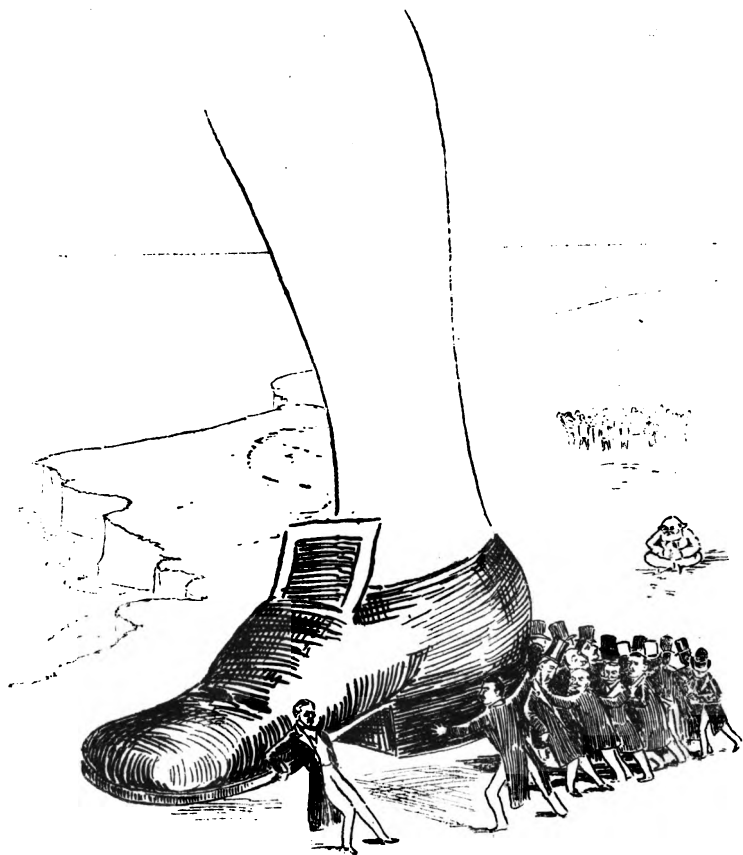
GULLIVER JOE.

all the Sillypushians, a creature named Deep Ditchy, whereupon he skedaddled in high dudgeon, and ever since has been throwing Beech nuts at the head of poor little Brodderick Random.

But if I were to mention all the Sillypushians, and to enumerate all their extraordinary manias and vanities, I should never get to myself, and thus I should be only tantalising the reader at the cost of my own natural modesty.

Suffice it to say that one and all of these little pigmies set up such a howling of delight at the prospect of my departure, that a fool might have thought they were glad to be rid of me. I was feasted, fêted, photographed, and interviewed, so much indeed that I scarcely had a moment left for ordering royal garments from my tailor, or preparing the details of royal salutes and court etiquette for my Imperial progress.

And so, at last, amid the thunder of cannon, the roar of the populace, and the drizzle of the disgusted heavens (the sun, I may say, never really rises on the Sillypushian Empire), I Screwed my glass into my eye, winked the



MY TRIUMPHAL DEPARTURE.

GULLIVER JOE.

other, and set out from the coast of Sillilyput on the most momentous and extraordinary journey which mortal man ever attempted.

N.B.—It was from this point that I began to doubt my mortality.

CHAPTER VI.

I FALL AMONG GIANTS.

FINDING myself at sea, I fell into a morbid state. There was no one to attack, no one to belittle, and no shorthand reporter. The only form of talk possible was polite conversation, and I could never look at the sea without thinking of shipwreck and flowing tides. In this state, as I sat one day with fast-closed eyes thinking of all the pleasant speech-making in Sillilyput, I suddenly found myself pitched out of the ship, and hurled upon as monstrous a shore as ever defied the encroaching sea. I had seen nothing like it, not even in my own country of Rummagem. A monstrous land,—a land of whose possibilities I could see no end; and walking upon it, striding over it in Olympian complacency—Giants!

At first I was oppressed by the magnitude of my surroundings. I looked about me with fear and trembling. Instead of the ordinary



I FIND MYSELF AT SEA.

GULLIVER JOE.

salaams of the Sillypushians, I found myself groping at the feet of these Giants, striving to make known my very presence among them. At last one of them, more sagacious than the rest, discovered me crawling among the grasses, and shouting to his fellows, in huge surprise, soon attracted a very great company of them. They welcomed me from the bottom of their soles. For the first time in my life, gazing at the immense boot nearest to me, I felt that I had put my foot in it. I wished myself heartily back in Sillilyput. But in the midst of my chagrin at feeling so uncomfortably small, one of the Giants lifted me up, and pulling my leg, set me upright in the palm of his hand. Whether it was that the people recognised my strenuousness at that point I cannot determine, but certain it is that from that moment they treated me with the utmost honour and respect. They set up first of all a tremendous bellowing of laughter, which I judged to be the mode of that country in welcoming a distinguished stranger, and after that they thronged about me in considerable numbers, calling me many and delightful pet names.

‘O great and wonderful!’ cried one. ‘Art



FROM THE BOTTOM OF THEIR SOLES.

GULLIVER JOE.

thou not like Peter, the man with the keys, who locks and unlocks? Aye, very like indeed !'

'Tis Peter come to pay Oom Paul !' laughed another.

'Nay, 'tis the Man who puts things straight !' cried a third.

'Tell us, thou astounding Man Mountain,' cried a fourth, 'what it is we should do to become great and wonderful like thee ?'

'A speech, a speech !' cried all the rest. 'Let us hear the Man Mountain shake our little Kopjes with his wisdom.'

And then, perceiving how intelligently they recognised my intellectual abilities, I made my first speech to the Giants. It was not by any means an easy undertaking. For though I was gratified to find this early realisation of my extraordinary powers. I still suffered an overwhelming depression from the immensity of my surroundings. However, screwing my courage to the sticking point, I grasped the lapels of my coat, assumed an acidulated smile, and told the company how much pleasure it gave me to come among them, and promised to do everything in my power to make them happy

GULLIVER JOE.

and comfortable. I further told them not to worry about the future, because I would see to that, and I bade them remember that in any of their troubles, no matter how great the difficulties might appear to them, they were to send for me, and that I would put them all straight. 'I am here,' I said ; 'trust in me ; all will be well.'

I had evidently adopted the right line with these huge creatures, for no sooner had I done speaking, than they threw themselves upon the ground, rolled upon their backs, and thus kicking their legs spasmodically in the air, gave vent to such a bellowing and yelling of delighted laughter as might have been heard in the very courts of heaven, if not in the farthest corners of the Empire.

The greatest men among them, recovering themselves first, came about me and asked me numerous questions, and I remarked with pleasure that my answers threw them into a very frenzy of hilarity. A less sagacious observer might have interpreted this merriment as a symptom of mockery or amusement, but such an interpretation would have proved but his own insularity. For I noticed throughout my travels

GULLIVER JOE.

among the Giants, that on all and every occasion when I went into serious politics with them, they greeted my remarks in the same Arcadian fashion. Only once was I greeted with anger: and that was up country, on an occasion when I was telling the Giants there what really fine fellows they were. One of the company shouted out, 'You are trying to flatter us, Man Mountain!' To which I retorted. 'Indeed, I'm not. You are particularly fine fellows, but don't think I couldn't lick you if I wanted to, because I could!' At which all of them were hugely pleased. It seemed very strange at first retorting to men so much bigger than myself, but I was always famous for want of respect (the bump of reverence in my head having developed internally) and very soon got under what may fairly be called my natural modesty and timidity.

CHAPTER VII.

MILNER'S SAFE AT LAST.

MY first excursion, of course, was on the Rant, whither I went to deliver Treks for *The Times*, and to meet the absolutely excellent Man On The Spot. This person, Lord Melliner, had been sent out to nurse Sillypushian interests, and had already earned the dribbling soubriquet of De Wet Nurse. Melliner was a name on every lip in Sillilyput, and I could never understand their frantic enthusiasm when I suggested that I should go and put things straight. It only shows how thorough was the Sillypushian appreciation of my genius; not solely, I hasten to point out, that they recognised me as the man to put things straight: but also because they accepted my statement that in spite of the absolutely excellent Man On The Spot, it was necessary that I should go and put my spoke in somebody or other's wheel.

GULLIVER JOE.

So I went and knocked spots off the Man On The Spot.

I was surprised to find him so big a man, but I recalled to mind that though he was a hero in Sillilyput he was not of Sillypushian origin. He was really a fine and healthy specimen of a giant, and grinned expansively as I thrust aside the Rant Magnates, and stepped forward to meet him.

‘Man Mountain,’ said he, ‘it is whispered that you have come out to put things straight: is it so?’

‘Absolutely Excellent Man On The Spot!’ I replied, as he lifted me up by one ear, ‘I have come to strengthen your hand.’

‘Sit on it,’ said he, and spread out his palm as a sort of sofa for me.

‘What is it you would have us do, Goliath?’ he inquired, as I lay back comfortably against his fingers, and rested my feet on his wrist.

‘The first thing is the Labour Question,’ said I. ‘I must put that straight. Things must be made to hum. You, my dear Melliner, if you will permit me to say it, have merely been humming and hawing. I suggest that the mines should hum.’



STRENGTHENING HIS HAND.

GULLIVER JOE.

‘Birming-hum, I take it?’ he inquired.

‘Let ’em all hum,’ I went on; ‘and if you cannot get Christians to do the necessary, I suggest importing a few thousand bales of compressed Heathen from China.’

At this there arose such a hideous and appalling roar from the assembled giants, as nearly made me lose my balance. It appears that these gross creatures have superstitions of the most childish nature, and that one of them is a rooted aversion from the Heathen Chinees, coupled with the exasperating theory that ‘the hand that pulls the trigger gets the swag.’ Perceiving this, and regaining my habitual composure—a landlord’s fixture in my temperament—I arose from my reclining imposture, and standing upon my toes, delivered myself as follows :—

‘I am glad to get that shout of disapprobation. I wanted to test your loyalty to the Old Country. Let the man who breathes the idea that a single Chinaman should be imported to this glorious soil of freedom, perish in the contempt of all loving and unselfish Christians. What is our own we’ll hold; and what isn’t ours we’ll get hold of somehow. Hands all

GULLIVER JOE.

round! Sillypushians never shall be slaves; and if any assert that, on the other hand, they are tyrants, let it pass—for

Surely while Empires quake
Over their bills each day,
Comfort it is to make
Your patriotism pay.

Gentlemen, I have come here to settle this Labour Question. Don't worry about it. Don't think about it. Forget such a problem presses for solution. I am here. I will see to it. I beg you will not mention it again.'

At this they fell to shouting delightedly, and it was easy to see that I had wiped out one of the standing difficulties.

'Man Mountain,' said De Wet Nurse, 'you have done enough for one day. Come and lunch.'

So they bore me away, amid much cheering, skipping, dancing, and mirthful frolic, to an enormous banquet.

'How shall I thank you, Son of Anak?' cried Melliner, as we went thither, 'for the manner in which you have disposed of one of my greatest troubles?'

GULLIVER JOE.

‘By giving me the palm,’ said I, ‘whenever I am on the Rant.’

And looking at his hand, said he : ‘You have strengthened it wonderfully. *Palman qui meruit fe-Rat.*’

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STRONG HAND FOOTS THE BILL.

I SOON got used to the tremendous country in which I was now travelling, and when I was not disposing of the various problems pressing for solution, which consisted very largely of shaking hands with as many Screwgers as possible, in the twenty-four hours of a day, and telling them that we were one people, under one flag, united in one common destiny, I fell to comparing it with the limitations of the Kingdom of Sillilyput. I could not but feel how greatly I might benefit that benighted country by returning to it with some of the gigantic ideas I had already gathered from my progress. I found myself longing to return, but there yet remained one or two things for me to do before I could decently depart, and these I set about, as the Latin poet has it, *instante*.

There was the War Contribution, the Feder-

GULLIVER JOE.

ation of the Country, and the paramount necessity for making the people feel and believe that I had really done something. This latter I left to the last, and plunged into the subject of the War Contribution.

‘Call a meeting of Screwger Giants and British Giants,’ said I to De Wet Nurse.

‘Certainly, Ben Nevis,’ he responded, and the meeting was called.

‘Gentlemen,’ I said, standing on the plinth moulding of one of their monstrous buildings, ‘let us settle the bill. Let us pay our way. Let us exercise thrift and economy, patience and prudence. And how do we stand? Money is needed. Who needs it? You. Money is possessed. Who possesses it? Britain. Gentlemen, I know a Bank wherein the mild Time goes very easily for the clerks: the bus takes you there for a penny: that Bank shall thread your needle. That’s the point!’ (A Voice: ‘All my eye.’) ‘No, gentlemen, this is not a policy of pin-pricks. I see your difficulty: I look it in the face: I remove it. *Bis debt qui cito debt.* Let us leave it aloan.’

Never on my whole tour did any speech so enthuse the Giants. They recognised my



I SETTLE A PROBLEM OR TWO.

GULLIVER JOE.

statecraft at that one stroke of genius: they realised the extraordinary lucidity of my thought: the incredible directness of my intellect. Echoing my words in their fuddle fashion, they sang with one voice: 'I know a Mountebank.'

'I thought you might possibly suggest digging the money out of the Rand,' said one of them, gratefully.

'I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed,' said I; 'I will steal it from the Imperial taxpayer. What can be simpler? Money is needed. Britain has the money. Thirty millions?—a mere trifle.'

'Thirty-five millions,' put in Melliner.

'The five millions be dem'd,' I retorted. 'Gentlemen, let us realise the glories of Empire. See what it means. Here you all are; doing well, going strong, and swellin' wisely. At home is an attenuated, played-out tax-payer, limping painfully to the grave under the load of exorbitant taxation. He provides you with an Army and a Navy—both on the grand scale: he buys your products, he sends you his children: he provides you with innumerable expensive Ministers and Agents: he does all this for you, and he is now going to do more.

GULLIVER JOE.

He is going to pay your debts. (Loud cheers.) Do you not realise from this the majesty and splendour of the Imperial Idea? (A Voice: "A Capital Idea.") The Interest of it is enormous. The more I think of Empire, the more I realise its potentialities. So long as the British taxpayer has a stiver, you need never starve—I will see to it: trust in me; and remember with every throb of your pulse, every beat of your heart, and every breath of your lungs, that we are one people under one flag, united in one common history.'

Once again I was the object of the most extravagant adulation; but that miserable man Melliner had the effrontery to say that he could have produced precisely the same enthusiasm if I had told him from the first that the British taxpayer's purse was wholly at his disposal. Such is the envy and bitterness even of the great. But I pass it over. The fact remains that in a single speech I wiped away one of the gravest difficulties in the situation, and once more excited the Giants to a pitch of the wildest enthusiasm.

And yet there are base creatures who assert that Imperialism is a matter of money!

CHAPTER IX.

A SNAPPY PAR.

IT is now my business to record one of those charming little incidents which serve to brighten and encourage the life of a really forceful Strenuosity. I would at this point divert myself by writing a tripping chapter on the dangers of urbanity, with a few acidulated strictures on that veritable Pope Urban, the Nephew who looks as if he ought to lisp and doesn't; but as these are days of vast headlines and snappy pars, I must needs content myself with that most difficult of all intellectual feats, for a man of my discursive gifts, a straightforward narrative of the fact.

Now I must tell you that in this, my triumphal progress among the Giants, I had ingratiated myself with the huge people by reiterating the positive statement that I had come among them rather to learn than to teach, rather to hear opinions than to express my own. I need hardly say that I found this programme

GULLIVER JOE.

rather much for me, and that during my tour it was constantly subjected to alterations to meet the necessities of my temperament. But the legend had got about, and on several occasions I was obliged to sit painfully still listening to others speaking. Well, it happened that I once fell among a section of the community known as the Wild Boers, and that I there found myself constituting an audience for the ridiculous oratory of such monsters as De Wet and Hertzog. These foolish fellows began talking to me about grievances and bothers and difficulties, and actually went so far in their flattery as to press into my hands passionate appeals for my favour. I found myself in the position of a beautiful woman wooed by lovers with whom she has toyed and philandered. They refused to take a refusal. They threatened me, they called upon their gods, they even went so far as to contradict me.

Rising to the full height of my dignity, I adopted the attitude of the snappy par.

‘I didn’t come here to be contradicted!’ quoth I.

‘True enough, Goliath,’ said De Wet; ‘but you came to study the situation, and when the



I AM FIRM.

GULLIVER JOE.

situation is laid before your imperial feet, you refuse to look at it.'

'I can hear no more,' I interposed.

'Say not so, O Leviathan,' pleaded Hertzog, 'for if you hear no more of our views, you will have stopped your ears to the whole problem.'

'Let us understand one another,' I said, tartly—not by any manner of means jam-tartly—'you have something to say, something that concerns the peace of this great country ; you wish me to hear it ; you hold that as I came out here to study the question, I ought to hear it ; well, I refuse! That is my answer. And why do I refuse? The explanation is manifest. Because, whatever you may say to the contrary, we are one people, under one flag, united in one common destiny. Nothing can alter that fact ; nothing you can possibly say will ever cause me to modify that statement. One people, one flag, one destiny. Three ones are three, and we three are one ; the thing is arithmetically demonstrable. And if you ask me—and I am always willing to answer questions that I put to myself—why I have travelled six thousand miles of ocean to say what I have said so frequently in the land of Sillilyput ?—I reply that when a public man

GULLIVER JOE.

discovers a phrase which he can repeat on more than one occasion without contradicting himself, it is his bounden duty to repeat it so often and whenever he can. Do you think I could repeat any of my old Rummagem speeches? Do you think I could repeat even those Sillilyput speeches what touched on Old Age Pensions and Free Trade? Certainly not. But in the phrase one people, one flag, and one destiny, I have hit upon the very anchor and log-chain of constancy. Are you satisfied ?'

'Not by a long chalk,' answered Hertzog.

'Don't be impertinent,' I replied.

'You asked a question and I gave the answer,' grumbled the ungracious boor.

'And didn't you come out here to learn, O Himalaya ?' asked De Wet.

'The meeting is closed,' I said, firmly.

'It was never opened,' laughed De Wet.

'I didn't come here to be contradicted,' I retorted.

'Well, it would puzzle a British Remount to say what you did come here for,' said De Wet.

'To strut, and crow, and ruffle his feathers,' said Hertzog, turning away.

GULLIVER JOE.

Then I let them have it.

‘Look here,’ I said, sharply, ‘you’ve been licked once, and if it’s necessary I shall lick you again ; so there. Yah!’

You never saw fellows so dumbfounded as these at that moment. They were speechless. They went out without another word. Does it not show, O Posterity, how useful a weapon is the glittering rapier of satire, and does it not prove by the same token that where cajolery and cunning fail, the snappy par may get, as the poet has it, ‘right thar’?

It was a brilliant episode in my royal progress.

CHAPTER X.

A DEMONSTRATION IN FORCE-FULNESS.

Now among the Giants I discovered, towards the end of my wanderings, a creature smaller than myself—the meanest, flimsiest, scrappiest bit of overweight in the whole body of humanity. It called itself Sprigg, but it wasn't even that. It lived chiefly upon the airs It gave Itself. Its constitution was delegate, and it kept its conscience in Bond. It had neither intelligence nor outtelligence; indeed, I could discover nothing either in, out, or about It which argued any quality, or presupposed the remotest vestige of spirit.

So I jumped on It.

I had given away the British taxpayers' money; I had passed lightly and gracefully over the difficulty of the Labour Question; I had poured the oil of flattery and promise-to-pay upon the hard heads of the Screwger Giants.



I JUMP ON IT.

GULLIVER JOE.

It remained for me to prove myself in the eyes of the world a Strong Man.

So, I jumped on It.

First I sneered at It ; then I hissed at It ; then I sat down before It and stared at It furiously : afterwards I walked round It, growling ; then I passed It over, as if I were unaware of Its existence ; and, finally, I jumped upon It.

In the face of the assembled nations, before the congregation of the world's emperors, kings, sultans, kaisers, rajahs, shahs, khans, czars, presidents, mayors, lord mayors, vecht-generals, and tetrarchs—in the presence, to be brief, of all the crowned and half-crowned heads of the world, I jumped upon that Sprigg.

‘ You will—will you ? ’ cried I. ‘ You dare—dare you ? ’ I howled. ‘ You would—would you ? ’ I shrieked. ‘ Then, take that ! ’

I pass over what I actually did ; the event is not yet sufficiently remote to enable me to review it dispassionately ; but enough to say is it, that the Giants beholding the exhibition of the Strong Man, burst into the heartiest guffaw imaginable, and then assembled round me with knees knocking, eyes staring out of their heads,

GULLIVER JOE.

and their arms stricken with a very palsy of apprehension.

‘O Cedar of Lebanon!’ they cried; ‘O thou Leaning Tower of Pisa, Dome of St. Paul’s, and Mount Ara-rat—spare us, spare us from thy vengeance!’

‘Fear nothing,’ I cried; ‘the shield of the Strong Man is over you: I myself have said it.’

CHAPTER XI.

A FINAL LOOK ROUND, AND DEPARTURE.

THE rest of my stay among the Giants was devoted to a general tour of the country, which I performed very comfortably on the cow-catcher of one of their engines. Owing to the recent devastation of the country (see *Three Years' War*, by C. R. De Wet, *passim*) we did not catch any cows, much to my disappointment as a keen and earnest hunter of big game. But I was amazed, travelling over these gigantic trunk lines, to think of the little Gladstone-bag affairs which obtained in my own country : the reader will better imagine the extraordinary difference between the two if I put it in simple form. Now, if you were to start from Capetown to Mafeking on an express train belonging to the London, Smash-'em and Turn-over Railway, you would have to entrain in the first year after Noah left the Ark in order to reach your destination by the middle of the year 2222 of our era—this,

GULLIVER JOE.

of course, allowing for break-downs, intervals for communication between guard and station-master, and stoppages in tunnels for the beneficial purposes of destroying the microbes of the passengers.

And this immense country, with its pastures innocent of boundaries, its stock as numerous as the quotations in Throgmorton Street, its vast and flowery *inspans*, its ravishing and productive *aas-vogels*, its fertile, far-extending *handsuppers*—was mine. I recalled a remarkable passage in the works of Backyard Rippling—All mine. I paid for it. I maintained it. The tobacco rising from the plugged pipe of the Dopper Giant was mine. The hair-pins in the head of the Dutch Vrouw were mine. The German sausage and the Dutch cheese in the cupboard of each stuffy parlour—mine. All mine. I paid for it. And, thinking thus, I fell to humming the national anthem of ‘Pay! Pay! Pay!’

I was equally surprised by the phenomenal (I use the word advisedly) the phenomenal fertility of the country. As I said in one of my speeches to the Giants, I had expected to find ‘a rough settlement’—it turned out that it was

GULLIVER JOE.

my settlement which was really rough—and instead, I found a flourishing and gorgeous community of Giants. ‘What I have seen,’ said I, in this same speech, ‘confirms me in the opinion that the Sillypushians are the dominant colonising race, destined by fate to make blossom the waste places of the earth.’

This last remark referred to a quite remarkable nursery of flowers which I had stumbled upon in my wanderings. Never had I seen such enormous blooms, or inhaled a rarer whiff; but what was more wonderful about these flowers, each one of them reminded me of the history of the country. They were racy of the soil, especially one of them named De Wet, which I picked out from among all the rest, but could not pluck. Yet my surprise was to be intensified even to a greater degree. For one of the Giants, seeing my admiration of these flowers, plucked one that I had not noticed, and pushed it into my face. Never in my life had I seen a more beautiful orchid. It was the only occasion on which I have ever lost my self-possession! I fell back in a very confusion of admiration, and as I stumbled backward, I stammered out:

‘Who is it meant for?’



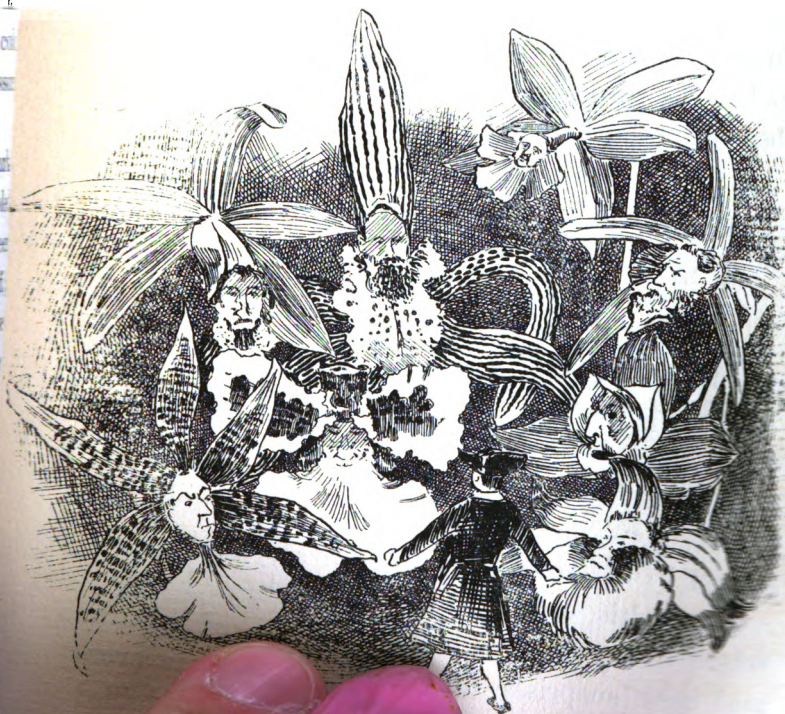
I AM AMAZED BY THE FERTILITY OF THE COUNTRY.

GULLIVER JOE.

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‘Who is it meant for—’



THE COUNTRY

‘You,’ said the Giant, and he thrust it into my face. Then, he added: ‘It is called the Looking-glass Orchid, and it can only be forced under a glass-house, where it is extremely impolitic to throw stones. It is raised in a hot-bed of contention, and its leaves are all French. As for its stalk, why, it’s all stalk, and very little else, and its flowers are merely the flowers of speech. We grow it as food.’

‘As food?’ I gasped.

‘For reflection,’ replied the Giant. ‘It teaches us, in the words of the poet, that

“It’s better being sharp than straight,
It’s wiser being ‘cute than great.”’

I was much struck by this incident, and gave orders that the flower should be carefully packed in ice, and sent to my nursery at home.

But this was only one event in a journey where every minute brought fresh adventures and new surprises to my mind. I was overwhelmed by the vastness of the country, thrilled by its gigantic possibilities, and confounded by its inhabitants—not a single one of them that did not confound me. ‘What do they know of Empire,’ I cried, ‘who only taxes know?’ Here was greatness, vastness, mightiness, big-



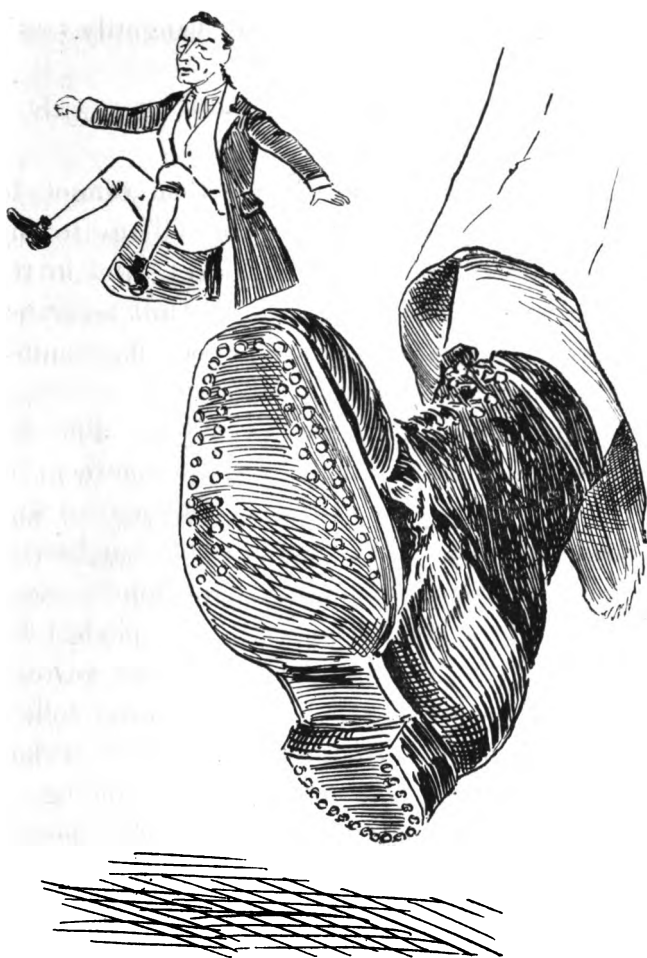
WHO IS IT MEANT FOR?'

GULLIVER JOE.

ness, hugeness, lumpiness, plumpness, elephantiasis, and swelled head. Even the heads of the pins were swollen, and during my speeches you could hear them drop like the explosion of cannon. There was nothing small, nothing Sillypushian in this mighty continent, and travelling through the length and breadth of it to my point of departure, I conceived the glorious idea of levelling up the old country to the magnitude and splendour of this liberal territory.

‘Gentleman,’ I said, as I reached the sea-coast, ‘you have taught me something. I have learned from you. Do not run away with the idea that it is only you who have received benefits from this visit. I have benefited. If I have given you light in dark places, and oof in tight corners, you have given me an idea. I shall not mention it now. I don’t suppose I shall ever acknowledge it. But I have received it. Gentleman, I hereby acknowledge its receipt. And now farewell. Trust in me.’

In the midst of the delighted cheering, the man Melliner thrust himself rudely forward. ‘Half a mo’,’ said he, ‘what about Federation?’



A SPLENDID SEND OFF.

GULLIVER JOE.

‘Leave it to me,’ I replied, haughtily. ‘J’y suis— ! You know the rest.’

‘Old Age Pensions,’ quoth he, with a chuckle.

‘There are some things that cannot be hurried,’ I replied, drawing myself up to my full height. ‘I am one of them. And in the mean time I leave you with the full assurance that we are one people, under one flag, united in one common history.’

And then, as I experienced some difficulty in stepping from the monstrous continent to the little Sillypushian boat, bobbing up and down like that in the innumerable laughter of the sea, one of the chuckling Giants kindly seated me upon the toe of his boot, and pitched me on board ; or, as he put it in his own pastoral tongue, ‘hoofed me out.’ And so, amid volleys of congratulatory laughter, and an ever-widening expanse of reverential grins, standing in the stern sheets of my ship, I made my bow to the land of the Giants.

CHAPTER XII.

MY RETURN TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

TURNING my back on South Africa I set my face steadily homewards. Reader, you can imagine the contending emotions which strove at that moment to break the icy composure of my mind. Fears, idle fears, I know not what they mean ; but I was going over the old ground, the ground I had traversed three months ago with such self-confidence and assurance, and now I must brace myself up to receive the unstinted demonstrations of my fellow-countrymen.

Had I succeeded ? Critically as I am accustomed to regard my own attainments, I could not honestly declare that I had failed. I don't say for a moment that I felt satisfied that I had solved the puzzle, but I could not bring myself to believe that I had failed. Besides, I had left De Wet Nurse on the spot to continue the good work I had begun, and

GULLIVER JOE.

if he succeeded, who could doubt that his success had its root in the strength I had brought to his hand ?

And so, in this fashion, never very deeply in despair, and yet by no means exalted above my situation, I returned to my native land, and once more found myself towering above the Sillypushians.

They did their little best to make the country gay and bright. Workmen from Italy, trailing behind them the gala poles and festoons used for the funeral of their late King, had been imported in great numbers, and the capital presented an amusingly picturesque appearance. The absence of bands was perhaps a blot on the harmony of the proceedings, but the Treasury had refused a grant for this item, on the count that on these occasions I invariably blew my own trumpet. However, gutter merchants sold my portraits in great numbers, the newspapers talked of nothing else, and a few extra policemen were robbed of their much-needed rest in order to arrest anybody whose beaded bubbles of patriotism should overflow the brim of sobriety. Moreover, a vast quantity of 'teasers' were sold

GULLIVER JOE.

to the more strenuous of the nation, and the Lord Mayor is reported to have interviewed his cook on several occasions as to the resources of the larder, and his dictionary as to the resources of oratorical butter. Then, too, the poet Backyard Rippling produced one of his premeditated impromptus which every quarter puts the times completely out of joint, and causes the rest of the world to say that the metre's all right if the poet would only regulate the gas in it. The poem was very widely quoted at the time, and during the summer months it was to be found in the repertory of every respectable nigger minstrel: it was refused by the music-halls as not sufficiently 'high-class;' but it was imported into the hundred and one comic operas, each one of which was at that time the subject of all the town talk. It ran, I remember:—

Thus cried the Voice of the Wily Weather-Cock-a-Hoop:

Hear ye now a Ballad of the things that I have done,
How I crossed with Peter's key
Seven thousand miles of sea—
A Feat that's only equalled by our Troops and Doctor
Lunn.

GULLIVER JOE.

Why did I go?—and, What was the necessity?
Ask it of the Future, for my fame outruns the Years,
In the glorious World to come
They shall beat my Penny Drum,
They shall tootle on my Trumpet till they split the
Angels' ears.

What have I done?—and, Where is the Millennium?
Doubt ye of my Wisdom, do ye question Joseph's
Skill?

Do ye ask to read and run
All the Things that I have done?—
If you want the Answer, tarry till I send you in the
Bill.

Hear now a Song, a song of pawnshop Platitudes,
A little Song of Cunning which is dedicate to Stead,
Thro' the Naked Word and Mean
May ye see the Truth between,
For the Wily Weather-Cock-a-Hoop has done it on
his head.

As I walked down the Strand, garlanded
so pathetically with the little people's best and
sincerest attempts at flattery, I could not but
reflect upon the superhuman task which I had
now set my wits about, in striving to make
giants of these Mites. I surveyed them with
feelings now of pity and now of despair.
There was the Nephew, who ought to have
lisp'd but didn't, mumbling about Irish Land,



I ARRIVE HOME.

GULLIVER JOE.

Black Lists, Church Schools, and Water: another Nephew, Geral-dine-and-Sleep, carrying a board on which he traded as a Minister of State, and asserting that something really ought to be done to exalt his office; there was a man named Three Akers and a Douglas who once a month dropped into the Home Office to obtain confirmation from the staff that he really was its Secretary: there was a son-in-law who answered to the name of a Born Sell, who kept on stealing ideas about ships from some one else and Forstering them as his own; there was also India Rubber Shamilton arranging to give India a small-and-early at its own expense; there was a funny little creature named Long who was for ever running short of ideas; and last, and least, there was the incomparable Brodderick Random fresh from his visit to the foreign Emperor, still quarrelling with Jobs and still playing with paper soldiers, though he had largely turned his attention from horses to the allied subject of clothes. But it would take too long to enumerate the enormous army of fussy little Sillypushians. There they all were—just as I had left them, and quite persuaded they were really doing Big Things.



· 'AIN'T I LIKE BOBS?'

GULLIVER JOE.

And yet, I noticed a difference among them. At first I could not put my finger upon it, and was irritated to find myself beaten by the mystery; it was there plain enough: a feverish anxiety, a fretful peevishness, and a continual glancing away from their own mud-bank to the swish and movement of the sea. Indeed, in testifying their delight at my safe arrival they rather seemed to be shouting defiant joy at the turning tide, as though they wished to persuade somebody across the sea that they were really pleased and delighted to have me back.

I discovered at length, after they had diverted me with a mirthful scene of political puppets, that this difference in my little friends arose from a sudden fear and distrust of The Country.

‘It is getting quite rebellious,’ said the Nephew, who ought to have lisped. ‘They say you’ve been spending money you had no business to spend, and arranging things you had no business to arrange.’

‘They deserve to have the Franchise suspended,’ quoth Brodderick Random.

‘They’re saying such dreadful things of us,’



I AM AMUSED BY THE PUPPETS.

GULLIVER JOE.

put in Geral-dine-and-Sleep. 'You really never heard anything so dreadful, really. No, never. I'm sure.

'We feel safer now you're back,' said India Rubber Shamilton, bouncing along at my side, till the Nephew who ought to have lisped said something about 'Two up, and one to play!'

'Anyhow,' cried Three Akers and a Douglas, 'you must make a speech, and I've arranged to give you Trafalgar Square. I asked a policeman. I'm the Home Secretary, you know.'

'Let us proceed there at once, then,' said I.

And then they all began shouting at the top of their little squeaky trebles, 'Buck up! Buck up! Buck up! I-m-p-e-r-i-a-l-i-s-m!'

The old words almost brought the tears to my eyes.

It was infinitely pathetic.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MAKE A GREAT SPEECH.

SUCH a crowd! As I stood awaiting the coming of the millions to cheer me (so like South Africa!), with my hand resting upon the head of one of their minor heroes, long since forgotten by every one except the members of the Gravy League, and watching through my radiant monocle the heaving mass of those tiny midgets, I felt the greatness of the moment. I experienced that delicious thrill which only the great orator knows when he sways a music-hall crammed full of illiterate boors or gets a bristle down his back—in a word, I rose to the occasion.

‘Sillypushians,’ I began, ‘after three months, that is to say twelve weeks, in other words, some ninety days, or, if you so prefer it, after an absence of *two thousand one hundred and sixty hours*, I have returned to give an account of my stewardship. Many things may happen in



THE GREAT MOMENT.

GULLIVER JOE.

three months. In three months Dr. Lunn will take you round the world ; in three months an empire may fall ; in three months a monarch may perish—for have they not perished in a single day ?—and in three months the work of a generation may be crammed by a really Strong Man, or a ninety-day bill may mature. Gentlemen, what have I done in these three months ? (A Voice: ‘ Ah, that’s the p’int: What haven’t you done, now ? ’) I am asked, What haven’t I done ? Gentlemen, I am always ready for interruptions of this kind. I welcome them as an opportunity for displaying my singular facility in lightning retort. I am glad of them, I am grateful for them. Gentlemen, I do not complain. I am asked, What haven’t I done ? Well, gentlemen, I haven’t done ! (Prolonged cheers.) I am only just beginning ; and I can assure the interrupter that I haven’t even done with him. (Loud laughter.) When I have finished with him, gentlemen, he will find, I venture to think, that he is done brown. (Roars of laughter.)



DOUBT.

GULLIVER JOE.

‘But what have I done? Gentlemen, it has been whispered to me that my mission has not given universal satisfaction. (A Voice: ‘No, it ain’t, not by a long chalk.’) I am accused of spending your money recklessly (hear, hear, and uproar), I am prepared to meet that charge. (Cheers.) I *have* spent your money (loud cheers), in buckets (terrific cheers), in cartloads (deafening cheers), in pantehnicons (immense and uncontrollable cheering). And will you complain? (‘No.’) As a great and an Imperial people, will you complain? (‘We’ll die first.’) I ask you to reflect for a moment on the fabulous sums spent annually by Pears’ Soap, Bovril, and Nestle’s Milk. Gentlemen, are you less than Pears’ Soap. (‘No, no!’) Are you inferior to Bovril? (A Voice: ‘I hear they want more!’—uproar). In a word, are you going to play second fiddle to Nestle’s Milk? (Prolonged cries of, ‘Not by no means,’ and ‘Give it ’em, Joe!’) I beg you to rise to the full grandeur of the situation. What was this War? (A Voice: ‘D—d expensive!’) Gentlemen, it was a splendid advertisement. (Cheers.) It announced to the world that you are an Imperial people. (Loud cheers.) It told the universe, as

GULLIVER JOE.

nothing else could have told it, that you are one nation, under one flag, united in one common destiny. (A Voice: 'What's the blooming good of that?') Gentlemen, such a question is unworthy. ('Shame,' and 'Turn him out.') If you feel, gentlemen, that the interrupter should be turned out, I will not quarrel with you; but I would beg of you, if you do turn him out, to do so as painlessly as possible.



MYSTIFICATION.

It does not become a great people to use its strength to crush a contemptible parasite. (Loud uproar, during which the interrupter was removed to the nearest hospital.)

'If then, gentlemen, you regard this war as an advertisement, you will not, I am sure, quarrel with the expense. Yours has been the benefit, and the bill is yours to pay. You paid to win the battle; you must pay to set your enemy up in prosperity and affluence. It is all a splendid advertisement. As for the Cape Loyalists, well, gentlemen, they must be provided for somehow. Let us leave them to the Strong Arm of the great *Globe* itself: (Cheers.)

GULLIVER JOE.

‘In conclusion (‘Go on, go on’), let me refer briefly to what I have brought back from this new possession. I have brought back Ideas. (A Voice : ‘And a good idea of yourself, aren’t you, now, old cock ?’) Great ideas. Gentlemen, you must get off this mud-bank to realise the giant proportions of the Empire. We talk here of three acres and a cow. Gentlemen, I shall talk in future of three hundred acres and a century of cattle. (Loud cheers.) We talk here of Old Age Pensions. (A Voice : ‘And precious little else, except talk, neither.’) Gentlemen, I shall talk in future of Old Age Affluence. (Loud cheers.) We talk here of a one-and-threepenny income-tax. Gentlemen, in future I shall talk of—— (Interruption, during which I dropped my notes.)



DAWNING
INTELLIGENCE.

‘These are some of the ideas I have brought back with me. I want you to realise greatness. I want you to feel the expansiveness of Empire. I want you to swell. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, let us all swell ; let us strive every pound and every ounce to be worthy of the greatness of this

GULLIVER JOE.

mighty Empire. (Loud cheers.) Let us not grumble under taxation, or worry ourselves about home affairs, or think too much about the injustices of the statute-book. Let our one thought, our one anxiety, our one affection, lie with the Colonies. We should be unworthy of our Colonies if we did not tax ourselves out of ✓



NATIONAL ANTHEM.

house and home in their behalf. (Cheers.) If need be, gentlemen, we will ruin ourselves for this great Empire. (Loud cheers.) Better to break ourselves over one little Colony, than to live in luxury over the needs of an Empire. (Loud cheers.)

‘Gentlemen, I notice with pride that every mention of the word Empire—(loud cheers)—is greeted by you with cheers. I know of no

GULLIVER JOE.

other word so useful for concluding a sentence. And, gentlemen, for such an Empire—(prolonged cheers)—such an Empire—(vociferous applause)—as Rome never knew, nor Babylon, nor Mesopotamia—for such an Empire—(loud and prolonged cheering)—let us spend gladly and gratefully our uttermost farthing—(A Voice: ‘You’ve pretty near done that for us, ole Kerboodle!’)—and let our last word as we fall by the wall, or as we conclude a speech, be “Empire.”



(Furious and tremendous cheering.) As a colonial poet has beautifully sung:—

Then welcome every tax
That breaks your English backs;
What matter how you starve, and pinch, and fret,
So that the Empire's Free;
Compact of £ s. d.
And daily dropping deeper into debt?

GULLIVER JOE.

Tremendous cheering and the singing of 'For He's a Jolly Cute Bagman,' brought this triumphant and imperial message to a fitting conclusion. Reader, for the present, farewell.

THE END.



TO
MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

I TELL thee this—When starting for the Goal
Over the Sea, whose unenlightened Roll
Upsets so many Travellers, you thrilled
As None had ever done, the Nation's Soul.

The Tour has out-Gazed Cook, and still It thrills
Our British People, and their papers fills,
Ah, Wealth like J. B. Robinson's were yours,
If our forgetful England paid her Bills.

And this light Squib, I cast upon the Town,
Which even seems as tho' It ran You down ;
Oh, strong, great man, It does but add, I swear,
Another Laurel to your royal Crown.

For Greatness only lends Itself to Wit,
The Little casts our Soul into the Pit,
C.-B. but gives the toiling Humourists
The Dumps : but You—Oh, you have made a Hit.

And I who earn by Jests my Jug of Wine,
I mock the Gods and doff my Cap to Swine,
So that if Triumph waits this pretty Tome,
Take it—the Royalties alone are Mine.

'The funniest book that has appeared for a very long time.
By the Authors of "Lives of the 'Lustrious."'

1/=

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT

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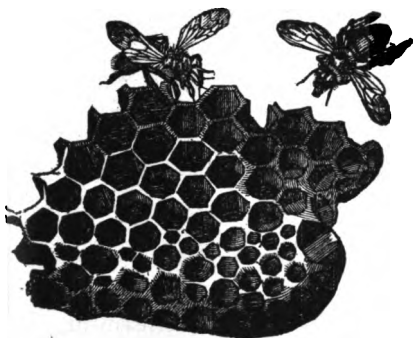
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THE DAILY MAIL says :—

‘That Mr. Lewis reveals in this book a fresh talent, that he expresses in original terms a new view of life is certain, and we recommend “Wolfville Days” to all those who do not prefer their fiction cut and dried.’

3/6 **Wolfville Days** 3/6

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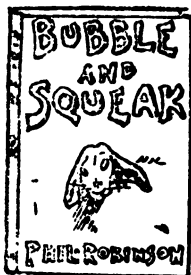
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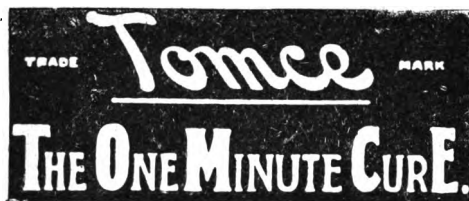
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